

# SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

## HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

Behold! Angels are the brothers of humanity, whose mission is to bring peace on earth.

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### Rebelations of Nature.

#### EXISTENCE OF THE DEITY.

A PHILOSOPHICAL ARGUMENT.

##### PART FIRST.

The construction of the following argument, in my own mind, originated in the necessity of my nature. Some years ago, I had the misfortune to meet the fallacies of Hume, on the subject of causation. His specious sophistries shook the faith of my reason as to the being of a God, but could not overcome the fixed repugnance of my heart to a negation so monstrous; and consequently left that infinite, restless craving for some point of fixed repose which atheism not only can not give, but absolutely and madly disaffirms.

Through the gloom of utter scepticism, I turned for relief to the Treatise of Paley, and other reasoners, on the mere mechanical hypothesis, but there found, as I deemed, an impassable hiatus in the logic of the argument itself. I was forced to admit that every machine must have had at first a machine-maker; but I saw clearly, that the fact of its being a machine, must, first of all, be proven, before the reasoning could hold at all; and thus the argument was worthless. For as it is based on the assumed postulate of an actual creation, and as such a postulate is anything but self-evident, it needs to be demonstrated. And no logician of the whole mechanical school has ever attempted to furnish such a demonstration. Indeed, were creation once proven, there would be no necessity for more argument on the subject, since a Creator would on that supposition be proven also.

But I saw a still more fatal defect in the reasoning of Paley. I said to myself, suppose that we admit the world to be a machine; still we have no evidence that the machine-builder exists now. The watch-maker of Paley's example may have ceased to be, countless centuries ago, and still the watch remain as perfect as ever. And thus the mechanical conception of the universe could afford me no ray of light.

And yet I sought with eager solicitude for some solution of this vast world-enigma. I resembled a child who, in the crowd, had lost its parent. I went wildly, asking of every one, "Where is he? have ye seen him?" But there was no answer. I teased philosophy, science and literature with endless questionings, but all in vain. I plunged in fierce excitements, but no solace was there. The infinite void in my want-nature would not thus be filled. I was as an Arab, washing himself with sand instead of water. Neither the heat of the heart, nor the impurity of even the surface, diminished by any such lavation. I will not attempt to paint

the intense gloom of my situation. Death seemed to ride on the present hour as a race-steed of destruction. The past was a grim waste, strewn with the ruins of worlds, men and things. The future was a chill mist hovering o'er incalculable sepulchers. Every voice in creation seemed to me a wild wail of agony. The godless sun and cold stars glared in my face, turned often to the pitiless sky, which no longer wore the poetic hue of my credulous boyhood.

One beautiful evening in May I was reading by the light of the setting sun in my favorite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the bank of the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distant west arose, with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an off-shoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was perusing one of the Academician's most starry dreams. It had laid fast hold of my fancy without exciting my faith. I wept to think that it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, "God geometrizes." "Vain revery!" I exclaimed, as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a beautiful little flower that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stamens were five in number; its green calyx had five parts; its delicate corol was five, parted with rays, expanding like those of the Texan star. This combination of fives three times in the same blossom, appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates was ringing in my ears—"God geometrizes." There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west, furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes, a faint flash of light. I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as a thought I calculated the chances against the production of those three equations of five, in only one flower, by any principle devoid of the reason to perceive number. I found that there were one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around the forest; the old woods were literally alive with those golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dew.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass where I had tossed him in a fit of despair. Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping



child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossom, bedewing them with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called out to the little birds on the green boughs, trilling their cheery farewells to departing day—"Sing on, sunny birds; sing on sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have still a God!"

Thus perished the last doubt of the sceptic. Having found the infinite Father, I found also myself and my beloved ones—all, once more. By degrees I put together the following argument: I tried it by every rule of logic; I conjured up every conceivable objection against all its several parts, and grew thoroughly satisfied that it contained an absolute demonstration. But I rested not here. I resolved to have it tested to the uttermost. For this purpose I journeyed all the way to Boston last winter. I presented it to the most eminent pantheists, atheists and sceptics of that literary city. Not one of them attempted to point out a flaw in its logic.

Thus I became convinced, that the demonstration is utterly unassailable; and I therefore offer it without hesitation to the criticism of the world.

The aggregate argument is my own; though many of the particular elements have been freely borrowed from others.

The principal consideration, however, is not as to the authorship, but validity. And this may readily be determined. Let the objector designate its fallacy, and I will be among the first to renounce it altogether. Until this is done, I hold myself pledged to maintain it in fair controversy against all adversaries; though I will not debate the question with any person unacquainted with algebra, geometry, and the rules of strict logic.

"God geometrizes."—Plato.

The following argument assumes a bold tentative. It undertakes to demonstrate, in an absolute manner, not only the being, but ever-present agency of the Deity in all the phenomena of the material universe. It professes to solve the old problem that has puzzled philosophy in every age, ever uttered by human curiosity, but perhaps never, as yet, answered by pure reason—"What is the true nature of causation?"

Beyond all controversy, this must be regarded as the fundamental problem of all real science; for we know nothing, we never can know anything, but causes and effects. All time and eternity form but one vast flowing stream, where these come and go like waves of the sea. All space is but the expanse, where these rise and fall in oscillations, as of some ethereal fluid of infinite extent, vibrated by a viewless force. Well has a distinguished pantheist of the modern German school worded this profound idea: "The soul will not have us read any other cipher but that of cause and effect." All scientific treatises, however pompous their nomenclature, contain but generalizations of these, expressed in mathematical formulas, with greater or less accuracy. I am stating a simple fact admitted on all hands. Cause and effect are thus correlatives in language and thought. The former is first both in logic and chronology. It is, therefore, the necessary exponent of the latter. Unless its true nature be comprehended, nothing else can possibly be understood. If we err at this great starting point, every subsequent step must prove a blunder in every process of philosophical inquiry. And accordingly, universal history shows that the false solution of this radical problem has been the fruitful source of all pestilential heresies, both in philosophy and religion.

To this mighty question, "What is causation?" four different answers, and no more, can be given—the sceptical, the material, the pantheistic, and the rational, or Christian.

To assert that man is utterly ignorant of the true nature of causation, is total scepticism.

To predicate the doctrine of invariable sequence, as did Hume and Brown, presents the formula of materialism. Idealism is but another phase of the same false view; for both idealism and materialism are at a certain depth identical, as they both take for granted, that all nature is but a dream-show, a mere conjurer's trick of fleeting appearances, where phenomena have only the tie of antecedent and consequent to bind them together in a union that touches nowhere, and produces nothing.

If we answer, that *emanation* is the only causation, we are landed in pantheism. All individual existence vanishes away, and with it all proper ideas of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; and, in fine, all logical predicates of every name and nature; for if nothing remains but indivisible unity, proposition is impossible, since it would be absurd to assert unity of itself.

The only remaining, conceivable answer, I deem the rational, the Christian, the true one—that causation alone resides in mind; that matter never can be a cause; and, therefore, every phenomenon in the universe is, and ever must be, but the effect of intellectual force exerted by pure volition.

This view we now proceed to demonstrate, after the rigorous method of the geometers, and discarding as much as practicable, all loose and rhetorical digressions.

#### PROPOSITION I.

We may lay it down as a general proposition, *that the perception of mathematical truth evinces mind of a lofty order.*

It is for this reason the universal consent of mankind has placed Pythagoras and Plato, Archimedes and Kepler, Newton and La Place, among the very foremost of the species. We would not exalt beyond due bounds the dignity of mathematical studies. We have long since awoke from the dream of our youth, that supposed a vain distinction of high and low among the sciences, which ought to be like the halo of a star, bright all around. But beyond question there is no good reason for the neglect of those ennobling, strict and severely logical exercises in our elementary education. Far wiser was the lesson taught by the great Plato, in the inscription engraved over his immortal academy—"Let no one presume to enter *here* who does not understand geometry."

However this may be, even in this age of light studies, no enlightened mind will deny that the power to perceive mathematical truth is essentially an attribute of no mean intellect.

#### COROLLARY.

Hence it follows, *a fortiori*, as a self-evident corollary, *that to evolve mathematical motions—or in plainer terms, to work mathematically, evinces mind of a still loftier order.*

For to evolve mathematical motions, unquestionably implies their perception. No person will assert, for a moment, that an analyst can reduce algebraic equations, or solve geometrical problems, and demonstrate theorems, without comprehending in the one case, the meaning of the terms, and in the other the axioms and definitions on which the operations hinge.

To present this view in the clearest possible light, we beg leave to offer an obvious illustration.



Suppose that John and James sit down to work out a knotty question in decimal fractions; John passes from one operation to another, with the skilful rapidity of an accomplished arithmetician, adding and subtracting, swift as thought, and balancing tangled columns of vast numbers into a definite and accurate result; while James can understand the explication of it when it is slated in luminous order on the sheet before his eyes, but finds it wholly impossible to accomplish the task for himself. Now which of the two, in the given case, manifests the superior intellect? The veriest sceptic must answer—"He who has not only the penetration to perceive, but the mental power to perform the processes assigned him." Thus undeniably, to evolve mathematical motions implies not only their distinct perception, but the additional faculty of an active power also. Finally, I put the question home, and the entire controversy betwixt the believer and the atheist turns upon the answer—Can any one work out all the sublime problems of mathematics, from the simplest in the first book of Euclid to the most complex in conical sections, without the mind to comprehend what he is doing? He who responds in the negative, must crucify reason and betake himself to utter insanity.

The discussion of our second proposition will place this averment above all dispute. To that we will now attend.

#### PROPOSITION II.

*All the motions of the material universe, in all their wondrous variety and unity, are strictly mathematical.*

The foregoing proposition is susceptible of proof by an immense induction. The field for its exercise has absolutely no other limits than the frontier line, that encircles the domain of science. A hundred volumes might be filled with instances, and still the materials would remain unexhausted in their infinite richness. Every new discovery in the abyss of unfathomable nature adds to the store, which is as vast as the immensity of creation.

We have only room in this hasty dissertation for a few, out of incalculable millions of examples. Our choice will be only embarrassed by the teeming profusion that crowds upon our eye, and almost overwhelms every sense of the soul, from the circles of light that spread in decreasing intensity and augmented distance around the candle, near which we are now writing these paragraphs, to yonder remote pale star that twinkles through the open window, immeasurable leagues away, in the midsummer's night of a cloudless sky.

#### INDUCTION I.—MYSELF.

I will begin with my own organism.

I survey my right hand; it has five fingers. I look at my left; it has five also. There is the other member of an algebraic equation. This is singular. I turn down to each foot, and on each behold five toes. There is another equation. This is still more singular. I then think of my bodily senses; there are five again. The wonder is increasing. And now all the millions of my fellow men rise up before the mind's eye—and in rapid succession. Lo! the countless millions of millions that have lived and died, pass along the great world-stage, in the view of astonished meditation; and they all, with unimportant exceptions, possess the miraculous five fingers on each hand, five toes on each foot, and glorious five senses. If this be not a "God-announcing miracle," then is human reason itself a dream, and all truth a worthless fiction!

But let me apply to myself the rigorous doctrine of the cal-

culation of chances, lest I suffer my judgment to be deceived by undue excitement of the organ of wonder.

In this calculation of chances, let me bear in mind an ingenious remark of Archbishop Whately, that "the probability of any supposition is not to be estimated by itself singly, but by means of a comparison with each of its alternatives."

Now there are but two suppositions possible, as to this mysterious combination in the human organism, by which the number five is five times repeated, not only in myself, but in all the myriads of mankind. For these wondrous equations there must be a cause; and that cause, whatever may be its nature, and by whatsoever name you see fit to express its existence, be it necessity, law, order, physical force, or God, must either possess intelligence to perceive its own marvelous results, or else be destitute of such intelligence, and work blindly throughout all its processes. There is no means to evade the force of this statement. These two are positively the only alternatives which logic allows us. For in abstract, definitive division, a perfect affirmation and negation always exhausts the subject divided. Every thing, in the whole compass of thought, must be either a tree or not a tree; and as there is nothing that can be neither, so nothing can be both at the same time. Just so, every cause, or assemblage of causes, must possess intelligence or not.

Therefore this wonderful combination of fives must be produced by either a rational cause, or one wholly irrational—by a cause that can perceive the relations of number, or otherwise—in fine, by a cause that can *count*, or one that can not *count* five, or any other numerical amount whatsoever.

Let me now assume the first alternative. If the cause that arranged the relations of my several organs be sufficiently intelligent to understand the mathematical harmonies, then all is luminous. There is no chance to be calculated against their production, since he who comprehends the relations of of number, can, of course, evolve such relations to any extent, and indefinitely, nay infinitely, if he be granted to be infinite himself.

Let me now take up the only remaining alternative, which the given case permits.

I will assume that the cause, call it what you please, which produced this even combination of fives on my hands, feet, and in my corporeal senses, be not mathematical mind at all, but unconscious force—what, on such a supposition, are the chances against one single combination of fives, in a pair? Let the fixed laws of eternal mathematics answer the question. Suppose we had two dice with five faces each, marked in arithmetical order, one, two, three, four, five; we shake them in a box—what are the chances against turning up the number five on each? Every gambler will answer, "the chances against such an event are just twenty-five, the square of the numbers on the several faces; or the total number of ways in which two separate series of fives can possibly be arranged."

Apply this analysis to the given case of the human organism. If the cause which made me, man, be indeed destitute of mathematical reason, the chances against my possessing five fingers on each hand, are twenty-five; add the five toes on each foot, and the chances are six hundred and twenty-five. Then incorporate into the calculation the five senses, and the chances are three thousand one hundred and twenty-five. Let me now get a larger sheet, for the full flow of infinite numbers is fast pouring in upon me. Now calculate the



chances against this combination of fires in two men; they swell to the enormous sum of nine millions, seven hundred and sixty-five thousand, six hundred and twenty-five. Then calculate the chances for four men like myself. They will be the square of the last number, and so on forever. But the immense sums overpower all the most magnificent processes of our algebra, and no logarithmic abbreviations can aid us to grasp, what soon stretches into immensity.

The attempt to apply the calculation to all the innumerable millions of mankind now living, and all that have lived and passed away, were as idle as to essay the enumeration of sunbeams shed during sixty centuries of solar years. The algebra of an Archangel, with infinite space for his balance-sheet, and eternity for the period of solution, were insufficient, perhaps, for the overwhelming computation!

I would advise the atheist, before he dares grapple in this argument, to refresh his memory with the doctrine of the calculation of chances, in his favorite *La Place*—or, at least, to look into his common arithmetic. No acquaintance, however profound, with Fichte, Hegel, or other German mystics, will avail him aught in such an inquiry as the present.

In relation to my single self, I might pursue the subject much farther. Throughout all the members of my body there runs a wondrous *duality*—in my eyes, arms, hands, feet, ribs, and the convolutions of the brain, where equal numbers balance each other.

The simple question that settles the controversy on its true basis is this: Could any cause, without the intellect to perceive—the reason to count, produce all these invariable equations? Shrink not from this simple problem, I beseech thee, O my brother! The infinite hopes hang upon it, and all time and eternity—the life everlasting, and the loves dearer than life itself. Fly not for refuge to barren logomachies. It will not thus be resolved. Answer me not, that these are only the effects of law! Say not, with Ralph Waldo Emerson, (who thus responded, when I presented the demonstration in private conversation,) that “it is Order which does all this!” That is no solution of the problem at all, but only its statement in a different form. The enigma can not be read by a mere repetition of the same idea couched in other words. The difficulty remains as inexplicable as ever. For these equations, this sublime, universal harmony is the order itself—neither more nor less. Could the order constitute itself? Can there be any order without intellect?

But even supposing that we allow a reality to the abstractions. Let us admit, for the argument's sake, that Law, or Order, or any idea you please, caused these mathematical harmonies of equation, in every series and degree, the same question rebounds upon us with undiminished force: “Is that wonderful order—that mysterious law, self-conscious? Knows it what it doeth? Can it count? Hath it mathematical reason?”

If ye answer “Aye,” very well; ye believe in God, though ye misname him. But if ye say “No,” the veiled sphinx repeats her riddle. “How, then, can blind force produce heavenly harmony, and midnight darkness gild all worlds with ineffable radiance? Whence come these iris-winged splendors that flash up through all immensity? Yonder are the halos, but where is their sun?”

I know the beggarly sophism to which the sceptic ever flies as his dernier resort. He will reply, “Suppose we acknowledge a God to account for this magnificent order, we only

postpone the difficulty indefinitely, without attaining the required solution. For then we must attempt the greater problem to account for the existence of Deity himself.” This objection is plausible only in appearance, and can never satisfy any but very shallow minds. The acute logician sees through it at a glance. It is one of the most pitiful specimens of *ignoratio elenchi*. It is founded on a total misapprehension of the true difficulty.

The reason why we set about accounting for the present order and harmony of Nature is, because we see with our own eyes its finite evolutions passing immediately before us. We see many millions of them begin; we watch their progress, as in some gorgeous panorama; and we behold them terminate. The flower puts forth in spring and perishes with the advance of autumn. Yonder great oak on the Alleghenies was once a little acorn, and shall again be nothing as an organized form. The child was born to-day; last year it was not, and next summer it may die. We are made acquainted with indubitable tokens of a commencement in the whole material universe. We read those infallible signs in the first leaf of the Bible of creation, scorched, as it were, among the primitive rocks, by the mighty fire-pen of world-volcanoes. The star that shoots from the midnight sky proclaims as it falls—“Look, mad atheist! Lo! I had a beginning once, as now I have an end!”

For this reason we seek to account for these passing, present events—these mathematical motions, which it were worse than lunacy to deny. We are irresistibly forced to the predication of a cause by a fixed necessity of our rational nature. Failing to do so, would be, not to over-soar the condition of living men, but to sink below the moral status of even brute instinct.

But the idea of a God presents no such problem. Here the necessity of the intellect does not hold. There is not a token, in all time or throughout all known space, of his commencement. He is not revealed to us by Eternal Reason in the character of an effect at all. In the mere conception of his whole being and attributes there is nothing whatsoever *phenomenal*. Therefore, to assert for the Divinity a producing cause, were as foolish as to affirm a like predicate of the infinite space, his everlasting and unchangeable habitation.

We say, then, to the atheist, show us only the slightest proof that God ever began to be, and then, but not till then, can you, with any show of philosophical consistency, demand of us to account for his being. We admit that every phenomenon must have a cause. Present us, then, some evidence that the Deity is a phenomenon, and we will hear you with patience, when you inquire for a preëxistent producing power. Nothing but phenomena imply causation. No one thinks of proposing such a question in relation to any eternal truth. Who is so silly as to ask why the three angles of a triangle are always equal to two right angles? We have dunces enough in this world of ours, beyond all doubt, but the darkest of them all never conceived such a problem as that. Give us the actual evolution of an undeniable effect, and its origin must be explained,—some causal force is necessarily assigned. But to assert such an evolution, and then seek for the evolving power, is an act, not of philosophy, but madness.

In the works of material nature the transient manifestations pass immediately before our eyes, and therefore we must, in spite of ourselves, attempt to account for them. No one but a fool will ever ask, “What was before the Eternal? What



is greater than the Infinite?" But every one endowed with one pale ray of human reason can not help but ask, "What caused the transient? What is above the finite?" This is the first question of infancy, and the last of old age. The savage puts it to his reason in the earliest glimmerings of reflection; and it glances like a sunbeam, gilding the loftiest meditations of the sage. And all science is but an actual or ideal answer to this great radical problem of the universe.

Thus we have sufficiently shown the folly of atheism as an objector, as well as her insanity as a constructor of syllogisms. And now we return to our main argument, by which we are attempting to demonstrate that all motions in nature are strictly mathematical.

#### INDUCTION II.—CHEMISTRY.

We will take our next comparisons from Chemistry, that youngest daughter among the sciences, the beautiful child of the Galvanic Battery, brought forth in splendor, and cradled on rollers of fire.

Go, analyze me a cup of water; you find it composed of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen, by volume; and eight parts of oxygen to one of hydrogen by weight. And these numerical ratios never vary. Freeze it into ice, hard as the granite of the eternal hills; dissipate into vapor of such exquisite tenuity, that it would take a million acres of the floating mist to form a single drop of dew; bring it from the salt solitudes of the ocean, or from the central curve of a rainbow, and submit it to the test of analysis; and still the pale chemist, as he watches the developments of his laboratory, calls out—"Two to one, and one to eight, now and forever." And will any one be mad enough to affirm that the mighty cause, who rolled out yon dark blue expanse of ocean, and bade the liquid crystal bubble in multitudinous springs, from the fissures of cleft limestone, and sing in the innumerable flowing rills, was and is himself unconscious of the mystic numbers, by which the separate elements that compose its dual essence, are married to eternity? I would be loth to judge any man's heart; but it does seem to me, that the head which can credit a hypothesis so monstrously absurd, must have exchanged brains with a baboon. It may be urged, that I express myself too strongly. I can only say in reply, that I do not utter the half of what I feel. Nor can I be made, very easily, to believe that any decorous terms are too severe, in denunciation of the moral felons of the universe, who would rob humanity of its dearest hopes!

But to proceed with the argument. Go, again, and analyze me a gallon of atmospheric air. You find it composed of twenty parts of oxygen to eighty of nitrogen, in every one hundred, by volume, nearly.

And these proportions never vary. Bring it from the high billows of the distant seas, or from the depths of Lybian deserts, or with Guy Lussac in your balloon, bottled up twenty-two thousand feet above the earth's surface; and still the mystic numbers keep their exact count. And was the cause of this numerical harmony—the author who rolled this ocean of the breath of life, forty-five miles deep, around the globe—destitute of the reason to perceive the ratio of its union? Can that cause count—yea, or nay—which ever works in magnificent numbers?

But still again, go analyze me a bit of limestone. You discover that its elements bear a quadruple ratio. There are twenty-two parts, by weight, of carbonic acid, and twenty-

eight of lime. Lime is composed of twenty parts of the white metal calcium, and eight parts of oxygen gas. Carbonic acid is composed of sixteen parts of oxygen, and six of carbon. And these proportions, too, are of unchanging uniformity. They are the same in the stalactite, icicle-shaped, and crystal-grained, torn from the roofs of coral caves, and in the rifled slab, hurled up from the heart of the earth, by the volcano's hand, mailed with thunder, and in the glittering pebble that a child picks out of the brook in which it plays with naked feet. What a field is here for the calculation of chances! What a theme for devout and transcendent wonder! What a Bible is this among the old rocks! What magic hieroglyphics on the mountains!

But not only are numerical characters here; symbolical angles are traced in splendor also.

All the hundred forms of carbonate of lime, split into six-sided figures, called rhombohedrons, whose alternate angles measure 105 deg. 55 min. and 75 deg. 05 min. Let the mathematician come with his plane trigonometry, fresh from the schools, and study a higher lesson. But if he be wise, he will study it, as the great Linnæus sometimes studied flowers—on bended knees!

#### INDUCTION III.—BOTANY.

We will make our next comparisons in that science, so charming to all lovers of nature. Not over smoky furnaces, or in darkened chambers, will we read this division of our lecture; but out among the silken sisterhood of sweet-scented flowers, where the blue-eyed heavens smile love down in our faces, and the winds whisper through our sunny hair.

The first ten classes of Linnæus are arranged simply according to the number of stamens in each flower.

Let us analyze a flower of the tobacco plant. It is of the fifth class, and of course has five stamens. Its corol has five parts, and its calyx five points. It is so with every tobacco flower on the earth. It ever was, and will ever remain so.

Now let us suppose that every flower is produced by a cause that can not count, what are the mathematical chances against this combination of fives, three times in a single flower? The answer is obviously—"One hundred and twenty-five," while the chances against a like combination in two flowers amount to the great sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five.

Let the atheist answer me, what must the chances be in one large field? in all the fields throughout the world during one solar summer? and extending the view still wider, so as to embrace all the summers ever shed by yonder bright sun?

He who can shut his eyes to the overwhelming force of this demonstration, deserves never more a single glimpse of the green fields, with their coronals of golden bouquets floating in their own perfume.

Look at the lily in her snowy robes. All over the world, and throughout all times, it numbers but six stamens, and its delicate corol is six parted.

Some of those beautiful flowers are vegetable clocks and watches, and keep time with the revolutions of the world, and sublimer roll of the twinkling orbs in their eternal movements. Some open to the morning sun; some beneath the blaze of noon; others, at purple twilight, when the soft dews begin to fall; and one in the wild west, the magnificent flower discovered by Captain Bonneville, near the base of the Rocky Mountains, lifts its gorgeous eye alone to gaze on the mid-



night stars! Do these blooms of nature's garden know the divisions of day and darkness, or the seconds and minutes of recorded time, that they thus equal our best pocket chronometers in taking note of the fast flowing hours? Can the cause of all this order be unintelligent? He who can believe so, may safely be set down in the category of those who are beyond the reach of all argument.

#### INDUCTION IV.—LIGHT.

We shall not hazard a single remark, as to the nature of that wonderful agent, that plays so important a part in the processes of creation, and which is so beautiful in itself, and moves with a velocity so immense, that with a slight poetic license, it might be regarded as a smile of the omnipresent Deity. We have only to do, at present, with its mathematical evolutions.

Its first law is a strict algebraic formula, and may be expressed thus: The intensity of light decreases, as the square of its distance increases, and *vice versa*. Does the cause, whatsoever we may suppose it to be, which produces this mathematical ratio, understand the involution of numbers? If not, how, in the name of reason, can it be supposed to form those miraculous squares, that often sweep, in many circles, embracing billions of leagues, in the stellar spaces? Let me pledge faith in the wildest fictions of fairy land, the most impossible fables of false theology, sooner than in such inconceivable absurdities as a hypothesis like that! But it is ever thus; when the human mind once rejects the general belief of mankind, there is nothing then too monstrous for its voracious credulity.

The second law of light is stated mathematically, in a form equally luminous, and conveys a truth equally magnificent. *The angles of incidence and reflection are always equal.* Thus, if a ray of light from the sun fall on the table before me, at an angle of forty-five degrees, it is reflected again at a like angle; and so of all other lines of every possible obliquity. These angles never vary so much as a single hair's breadth. Euclid or Legendre has none so perfect. Try, we entreat you, O rational reader, with all your skill, and see if you can trace any equally exact, with the pen, on the smoothest paper! And, is it possible that, after all, the cause which thus geometrizes is devoid of all knowledge of geometry? If so, then may a blind mole—nay, a nonentity itself, compose a treatise superior in splendor and accuracy to Newton's world-renowned *Principia*!

But apply the doctrine of chances to these angles now being formed, every instant all over the universe, and even imagination staggers under the immensity of the idea. Only pause here for a moment. Think of all the beams that emanate from the sun during one long summer day—of all the rays that flash out from the stars for only a single night. Then let your mind travel back over the march of dim, distant centuries, gathering age upon age, and cycle on cycle, in vast segments of eternity, where *platonian years* vanish into insignificant vibrations of the pendulum, and the duration of galaxies are seen but as shadows on the dial-plate of infinitude. Then bid imagination lift her lightning wing away on high, from world to world remote, as far beyond the reach of the telescope, as the glance of that magic tube transcends the vision of a flitting insect; and behold the horizon of the space that knows no limits, still opening forever onwards, and upwards, and all around, and thickening with columns of suns,

and breaking into nebulous stary haze, and undulating like some shoreless sea, with waves of light; and then tell me the number of all the rays ever shot athwart the great immensity, since the first fire-sons of Heaven shouted their choral hymn, in the morning of creation; and then answer me, who shall calculate the chances against the perpetual, universal observance of the law in relation to angles, in and by all *these*, on the supposition that there is no God? Only God himself may solve the mighty problem!

We may here note a remarkable law, in reference to light of different colors, only discovered recently.

If two rays, from two luminous points, be admitted in a dark chamber, and falling on white paper, or other suitable reflecting surface, differ in their length, by .0000258 part of an inch, their intensity is doubled. A like result is produced if such difference in length be any multiple of that nearly infinitesimal fraction by a whole number. But, strange to say, a multiple by 2 1-2, 3 1-2, 4 1-2, &c., gives the result of total darkness! While a multiple by 2 1-4, 3 1-4, &c., gives an intensity equal to one ray only. In one of these cases, the fact is seen, which, from the beginning of the world, has been regarded as the extreme of impossibility—light actually produces darkness!

Corresponding effects are witnessed in violet rays, if the difference in their lengths be equal to .0000157 part of an inch. And the like results are given by experiments on all other rays, the difference in length varying with a steady uniformity of increase, from the violet to the red. Who shall reckon the chances in two cases only, in such vast number as these?

Let not shallow sciolism answer me by a pitiful evasion, "that all this is accounted for on the principle of mechanical vibrations." Can not the merest tyro in logic see that the difficulty remains the same? For the question immediately presents itself: what causes the vibrations? And how can unintelligent vibrations be supposed to arrange such wonderful combinations of arithmetic?

Uniformity of colors in refracted light is equally marvelous.

See yon dark cloud, only a moment ago one thick mass of gloom, lurid, almost appalling to the gazer's eye! Suddenly the sun breaks forth in the western sky; and lo! in an instant the rainbow is born, and stretches afar the curved wings of its prismatic plumage, as if to play around the world! Count well its gaudy colors. There is the sacred number seven composed by the blending of the mystic three. The same that gleamed there, the day, when the family of Noah descended from the Ark, and "each mother held aloft her child to bless the bow of God." And never since that far distant hour, either on the land or sea, in city or in solitude, hath a single cloud blushed to the kiss of the sunbeam, without the colors of the sacred seven, painted by the Divine ray-brush, in heavenly enameling there. Oh! golden-haired sun! Oh! airy vapor! Father and mother of that beautiful child of the sky, "brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion, baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun," know ye what ye do? Are ye indeed blind? Can ye count without arithmetic? without the algebra of a Euler?—ay, without even the poor instinct of the eagle, that dips his wing in the checkered cloud—would ye undertake to teach the whole world mathematics?

Were there no other proof of the existence of a Deity, this one consideration would settle the question forever. Every rainbow is an exact mathematical equation of every other rainbow in the universe!



Awake, ye dreaming metaphysicians! Arouse from your darkling dormitories, and those pale lucubrations which are more than half slumber. Come away to the floods and the fields, the flower-banks and the forests—out *here*, in open space and the free air, where sea and earth and sky mingle in mutual embraces, like the greeting of youthful lovers! Listen to the pine-songs which are chants of praise, and the wind-warbles, which are hymns of Hallelujah! Look up yonder on the fire-dance of innumerable rolling worlds, and then answer me, before the sun and all the stars—"Is there no God?"

## Voices from the Spirit-land.

### THE WATER OF LIFE.

A VISION.

BY MISS S. E. FREEMAN.

In walking through the wilderness of this world, I was on a certain day accosted by an angel; who, after informing me that he had been for many years a dweller in the earthly form, proposed to become my instructor, and to show me some of the wonders of the latter day.

Cheerfully assenting to this proposal, we traversed the plain in company, and soon arrived at an inclosure, or plantation, filled with plants of various sorts; some just showing their heads above the soil, and others in full maturity of age. A large number were in a very sickly condition, and others nearly surrounded and overgrown by immense weeds, with which the place abounded. In the middle of the inclosure I perceived a well of the purest water, wide and deep, provided with a windlass, chain, and bucket, and, without doubt, placed there for the benefit of the plantation. On a nearer approach, I saw a man, busily engaged in drawing up water, and sprinkling with it the flowers around him. But I also saw with surprise that not only was the bucket filthy, with the sediment accumulated in the lapse of ages, but that the chain was much corroded by rust, and had been broken in various places. It was true these links had been mended, but in so bungling a manner that, in drawing up water, the greatest part was spilt before it reached the curb. However, the man assiduously continued his task; though, from the small quantity of water, and the impure condition in which it left the bucket, the plants did not appear to be materially benefitted by its use. Some few near the well flourished a little, but the greatest number drooped, and withered, without putting forth a single bud. At times, I saw a few young growing plants revive a little, under the stimulating effects of a larger supply of water than usual, and put forth lovely blossoms; but alas! they also soon withered, under the scorching rays of the noonday sun. After looking on this strange scene for some time, my conductor, turning to the man, addressed him in the following words: "My friend, why do you not cleanse

your bucket, and repair your chain and windlass in a more workmanlike manner, so that you might be able to give these famishing plants a full supply of pure water? I am ready and willing to give you all the assistance in my power."

To my unfeigned surprise, instead of accepting the offer thus kindly made, he replied, "This well, with all that pertains to it, was placed here many centuries ago, by the owner of the plantation; and it would be sacrilege in me to disturb that which is already perfect; and which it must needs be, for the author thereof was perfection." "Nay, but my friend," replied the angel, "look at the deplorable condition of the plants around you. I can assure you, that when this well was first placed here, the inclosure had a far different appearance than it has at present.

'Then the lovely garden flourished,  
Every plant was fresh and green.'

Nay, though at different times, men have endeavored to restore it to its original beauty, it is well known they have signally failed after all their pains. The owner of the garden has, however, permitted me to give you assistance in this matter, and——"

"Hold! hold!" said the man, in horror and affright. "Who are you! that would meddle so presumptuously in holy things?" "I am a spirit from the eternal world," replied the angel, "and I and my companions would willingly give you assistance, in the great work entrusted to you, by the Master." "That you should be an angel, is utterly impossible," said the man; "or if an angel—an angel of darkness, an emissary from that wicked one, whom my Lord shall destroy with the brightness of his coming. Avaunt! Touch not one of these: the mission of angels has ended ages ago, the record has closed up, and I look for no heavenly assistance in the care of this garden, but the common influences from above, and the water as it is here provided. The idea of supernatural influences at the present day is too absurd to require a passing thought." Here I looked around, and saw with amazement that a bright and pleasing radiance, reflected from the countenance of the angel, had caused some of the flowers to turn their petals toward him, as they would have done to the benignant influences of the sun. This the man immediately perceived, and, in a transport of rage, drew a sword, and proceeded without mercy to cut down the offending flowers, and to cast them out of the inclosure. These, the angel carefully gathered up, and placing them in his bosom, sadly said: "He that offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the depths of the sea." On hearing these words, my anguish of mind became so poignant that it aroused me from my state of bodily unconsciousness, and I perceived that I had seen a vision.—  
[*Spiritual Era.*



## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1853.

## THE BOOK OF LIFE.

COMMUNICATED TO THE CIRCLE OF HOPE.

When even two or three shall meet together with humble and loving hearts, seeking for wisdom, spirits will be attracted to bless them with the light of love and truth. Thus, though no outward or visible manifestation be made, the soul may look inwardly, and hold communion with the messengers of peace and love who shall write their thoughts in the book of the inner life. Let, then, the telegraphic line between the soul and Heaven be unobstructed by any earthly impediment.

It is not signs or wonders on the earth that should be sought, but all should seek that the windows of the soul may be opened, so that the brightness of spiritual wisdom may be seen and appreciated as it is by the harmonious dwellers of the Spirit-land. It is this wisdom that shall cause man to look abroad on his fellows with a discriminating mind and with a feeling heart. This shall elevate his soul and enable it to penetrate into the recesses of cause and effect, and to perceive the operation of natural laws in the workings of the human mind. It is indeed this wisdom which shall open to thee, O man, the Book of Life—by which is signified the laws and beauties of the spheres which the soul may inhabit; the earth-sphere being to thee the first lesson of the unfolding truth. And this volume is capable of being made much clearer to the understanding than has been conceived; and while thou art yet an inhabitant of the rudimental sphere, let that volume be carefully perused; for by so doing thy soul shall become so clear that thou mayest perceive how great are the powers of thy being, and how nearly it is possible to approach and assimilate with the immortal Spheres. When the earthly garb is changed for a purer covering, thou dost only turn over another leaf in the Book of Life; thou art only a little more etherealized in thy nature, so as to be able to step a little higher—thy soul has only cast off a few of its thick envelops, and stands forth a little more clearly. So death, when viewed in its true light, is only a veil removed from the eyes of the spirit; and in proportion as the soul on earth becomes disrobed of its dark coverings and external views, so is it prepared to rise higher in the sphere of existence to which it ascends.

Thus the first page of the Book of Life may be perused on earth. But to some it presents almost an empty blank; while to others it glows with beautiful sentiments of love and harmony in unison with nature.

To some it is a dark, blurred, and blotted page, whereon they read nought but desolation and sorrow; and to others it seems as the uprising of a glorious morning; when suddenly the leaf is turned, and they are ushered into another sphere. So all read the first page more or less differently; and think you that those who have hurriedly, blindly, and ignorantly perused this, will be introduced at once to all the higher beauties of Heaven? Not so. Every soul-spark from the Divine Germ, must be developed on a natural and progressive principle, and if on earth the spirit has been covered with a mantle of darkness which has obscured its vision and shut out the lessons on this first page of life, it must read those lessons when the mantle has been laid aside in the tomb. Hence it occurs that many who have departed from the earth-sphere are not far beyond its more advanced inhabitants in their perusal of the Book of Life. Some are just learning to repeat the first letters, as they are revealed to their dimmed sight. I might show you those who have not yet discovered the spark that lingers in their interior being. I might show you others who are progressing from a state of darkness and are turning their faces upward toward the light, and I might show you how earnestly they are perusing those primary lessons of wisdom which they could not read on the earth; and then I could point you to angel-brothers who come from a higher heaven of purity, and who, reading from those pages of light, instruct their weaker kindred in its beautiful lore.

By many the Book of Life has been carelessly scanned. They have merely glanced at the covering—looked only on the outside, but have not examined the store of wisdom which it contains. And as such turn over the next leaf of their existence, they will be surprised to find how great was their simplicity and ignorance with respect to all that pertains to real life. Many others also who have sought to search deeply into the mysteries of human wisdom, will be astonished to find how much mystery they have created for themselves, and not only for themselves, but for surrounding minds. In this way the Book of human existence, obscured by a cloudy haze, has been a blank to many; and so they have turned over the second page without properly consulting the first. But there are some minds which are prepared to read the counsels of divine wisdom; and to such as these, who are willing to cast aside the trammels of education and prejudice, and become children in the hands of teachers, will the Book of Life be opened—not merely the first and second, but many succeeding pages, as the soul becomes strengthened to receive the knowledge contained therein. It is not the fanatic, or the man whose brain is the receptacle of every fanciful chimera, that is prepared to receive and appreciate immortal lore; it is only by a gradual, a philosophical, and harmonious labor and unfolding of soul, that a few of the human family are



fitted to begin the investigation which shall lead to a revelation of that beauty and wisdom which are contained in the yet unread pages of the celestial volume.

### A PHRENOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION.

GIVEN BY F. BLY, OF A. J. DAVIS, THE INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT AND PHILOSOPHER.

[The accompanying delineation of the character of A. J. DAVIS is possessed of intrinsic interest, not only as furnishing additional testimony in favor of the science of Phrenology, but also as unfolding the mental structure of an individual whose revealments have produced a deep, wide-spread, and permanent impression on the world.—ED.]

Temperament—nervous bilious; brain full size, favorably balanced for contentment and happiness.

The scale, in numbering the various organs or faculties, is from one to twenty, as follows: 1, very small; 4, small; 7, moderate; 10, medium; 13, full; 16, large; 20, very large. Here is the size of each individual function or organ:

1 Amativeness,	9	22 Imitation,	16
2 Philoprogenitiveness,	10	23 Mirthfulness,	11
3 Adhesiveness,	19	24 Individuality,	20
4 Inhabitiveness,	7	25 Form,	13
5 Concentrativeness,	15	26 Size,	15
6 Combativeness,	3	27 Weight,	12
7 Destructiveness,	5	28 Color,	16
8 Alimentiveness,	8	29 Order,	11
9 Acquisitiveness,	7	30 Calculation,	17
10 Secretiveness,	9	31 Locality,	15
11 Cautiousness,	14	32 Eventuality,	16
12 Approbateness,	10	33 Time,	15
13 Self-Esteem,	11	34 Tune,	8
14 Firmness,	19	35 Language,	18
15 Conscientiousness,	18	36 Causality,	12
16 Hope,	20	37 Comparison,	19
17 Marvelousness,	6	B Sublimity,	19
18 Veneration,	15	C Suavity,	12
19 Benevolence,	17	D An intuitive disposition	
20 Constructiveness,	14	to know human nature,	20
21 Ideality,	19		

This combination of phrenological development will give one of the most wonderful characters of the age. He is sensitive and impressive to a high degree; yet his mind and body work in unison and harmony. No man whom I have ever examined has more control over his passions than himself. No circumstance, however annoying, can irritate or ruffle the even tenor of his way, because the intellectual faculties preponderate, and the moral principles of the mind guide the reasoning powers in the channel of love and charity. He has not the spirit of revenge, however much he may be injured or reviled, though he ever has a resolute desire to promote general good. This feeling has ever actuated him from the earliest period of his life up to the present. He has not the love of ambition or personal fame. Selfishness is not a part of his disposition; ever kind and affectionate; warm and ardent in his attachment for his friends; no particular love for place, but can make himself at home wherever his friends or labors call him; always friendly and social to every one, yet he seeks not the applause of men. It is natural for him to be devotional, watchful and prayerful, though with this organi-

zation of mind it is impossible to believe and advocate the popular religious faith, as it is taught by the orthodox churches. His intuition, presentiment, and foresight, are preëminent; his penetration and perceptive faculties enable him to understand and appreciate life as it is, and the laws of nature governing mind and matter. His originality of thought and reflection, combined with the observing powers, qualify him to study the book of nature with success and interest to himself and others. Possessing great application in the accomplishment of his purposes, always looking forward with great anticipation to the Spirit-world. Not easily discouraged by disappointment of any kind; could bear misfortune well; always the same in feeling and manners—yesterday, to-day, and forever; humorous and good-natured; mathematical talent remarkably good; enjoys music and might execute some, if cultivated; language well-developed, conveys his ideas to others plain and distinct, at the same time his style of speaking is easy and fluent, well calculated to please others; his expression is mild but forcible; no man of mind can hear him and not be interested; memory generally good. This description, according to my science and judgment, is true. But much more might be said of this character.—*[Light from the Spirit-world.]*

### THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Opening on the retina of the spiritual eye are ascending and descending visions of beauty that seem designed for our instruction and progression. How truthfully these visions are interpreted and understood, depends on the harmonial relations that exist between the spiritual beings yet in the form and the angelic teachers that present these as scenes and lessons for our use. In our mundane existence we can readily understand that the proposition is true and unchangeable, that pure fountains ever give forth corresponding evidences of their purity; and so truthful spirits ever give us evidence of their nearness to the Great Source from which Truth in its multifarious forms winds its way through every avenue of the Universe. And this truth is to be known and appreciated, and interiorly interwoven into our own organisms; it is to be attained by us, and by us be transmitted as we live interiorly and exteriorly in harmony with natural laws. That this position or condition will ever be attained in this sphere, may seem to the world as simply *ideal*. Still for all that, there is traceable in the philosophy and inspiration of the Nineteenth Century much to encourage us. The twilight of an approaching millennial morn already dawns upon our earth. Many are even to-day permitted to gaze with adoration upon the startling manifestations of that living and divine principle which is founded upon demonstrative evidences of its truth.

When mankind shall study to know themselves, and step by step shall learn to receive interior knowledge, endeavoring to profit thereby, we may safely say to ourselves that the day of deliverance from ignorance and superstition with all their attendant evils, is at hand. A system of exalted rationalism is already permeating



the very heart of Society in its organized form, and from all the cheering indications of spiritual life and progress, the eye of the reformer can look forward to the time when the whole world shall be encircled with a zone of peace, purity and harmony. As harmony is an essential condition in circles formed for spiritual communication, so must it also be with those whose inspirations are truthful and pure, and so must it be in the higher form of society which will represent the kingdom of heaven on earth. The laws of Nature are already eternally perfect, and a life in unison therewith could not do otherwise than present a perfect specimen of health, symmetry and beauty. In the dim distance, Faith pictures a state of harmony on this little planet. Would we all hasten the coming of this state? Then let us live up to the teachings that are constantly being revealed from the spiritual heavens. T. S. S.

Randolph, N. Y.

### THE LAW OF PROGRESSION.

[We copy the following from the editorial columns of the *Boston True Flag*. It bears testimony in a simple but attractive manner to that principle of progressive growth which forms an important feature of the Harmonial Philosophy:]

We are apt to settle down in the belief that things are about as near perfection as they need be. It would once have sounded very absurd for a man to complain of the art of navigation, which had been brought to so high a degree a cultivation, before Fulton. But the steamboat has brought Europe within ten days of America, and shortened all our great rivers by considerably more than one-half. Stage coaches were considered satisfactory, until railroads brought New-York as near to Boston as breakfast is to supper. For a message to be only one night passing between the two places, seemed at first miraculous in the post-office business. But now, if haste is very desirable, State street may inquire the price of cotton of Wall street, and get a reply in some five or ten minutes. The speed of steam was a capital thing for the rogue, who could commit a robbery, or a forgery, or pass a pile of counterfeit money, and, jumping into the arms of the iron giant of the railroad, get fifty miles the start of the police before his crime was detected. But now the telegraph heads him off, and as he steps from the cars in Portland, or from the steamboat in New York, he finds a polite officer waiting to receive him, and escort him to public lodgings.

A hundred years ago politicians cried "Eureka!" The perfect system of government had been at last discovered. England had solved the problem, which Athens, Carthage, Rome had failed to solve, with all their wise men and brave heroes. A limited monarchy was the thing. Republics were impossible; despotic

governments dangerous; Great Britain demonstrated the *juste milice*. But a little band of resolute men on this side of the water, one day declared to each other that something better was practicable, and must be had. They spoke the thought of the colonies; the colonies sustained them; so little Jonathan doubled his fist, and threatened to whip his father, if he didn't let him alone; and he did it. Something better was the result, as the marvelous prosperity of our republic declares to the wondering world.

A little more than fifty years ago, war was deemed a perfected art. Nobody thought of discovering any thing new in tactics. Caesar was the last master; all modern generals were students of the past; gunpowders had served chiefly to make armies afraid of each other. But then came that colossus of radicals who burst impatiently through every form and regulation of wars, and demonstrated the superiority of genius and self-reliance over all art. Nature took the world by surprise. Experienced generals were stupefied with amazement, by the vigor, clear-sightedness, and rapidity of action, of the Little Corporal. Battle after battle he won, while they stood in amazement. The Alps were but a level road to him; while other men were studying how to overcome obstacles by rule, he dashed through them, and won the victory.

Thus in civilization, in state affairs, in war—even in the church, vital thought must have its seasons of triumph over mechanical opinions. There is never any thing so good but it may be better. Progression is infinite. Nowhere among men is perfection; perfection we may never reach; but we may approach it, through all eternity. When another Luther is wanted, we shall have one, who will make a greater revolution in theology than has yet been made. When another Napoleon is called, he will come, and demonstrate the folly of confining ourselves within the limits of the science taught by that mighty master of arms.

Our friend T. S. S., of Randolph, N. Y., writes us a kind and encouraging letter, from which we make the following extract:

I received, yesterday, an analysis, made by Dr. CHURTON, of the spring water. As I am not a medical man, I can not express an opinion of its qualities from the analysis given. But the miraculous and wonderful cures performed by its application and uses, all understood who have had the privilege of testing. Such is worth more than theory.

We desire to commend to the attention of our readers the article in our first department, entitled, "Existence of the Deity." It was originally published in the "*Democratic Review*," and though from the magnitude of the theme it is necessarily of great length, it is characterized by a depth of thought and a beauty of expression which entitle it to a careful perusal.



**BROTHER SPEAR AT HARTFORD.**

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "NEW ERA."

BROTHER HEWITT: It would afford me much satisfaction, had I the ability to describe the interesting events which transpired in connection with my late visit to Hartford, Ct. The Harmonial Brotherhood had written me to spend Sunday, the 30th ult., with them; but expecting to be called to another place, I did not answer their request. On the preceding day (Saturday) my hand was moved without my volition, and the following was written while I was thinking of Hartford: "Be sure and go to the place you now think of; you will find a most important work to do in that place. Call on the man who wrote to you to come. You will be impressed, when there, what to do. Be at home in two days. BENJ. RUSH."

Although I knew notice had not been given of a lecture from me, and that I should not be expected, yet I was obedient to the direction, and at eight o'clock, Saturday night, I found myself at the hospitable dwelling of W. P. Donaldson, the friend who had written to me. Scarcely, however, was I seated, before I found myself strongly impressed to call on Dr. J. R. Mettler. I followed the impression, and while at his house passed into the superior state, and spoke as follows to Mrs. Mettler, who is the widely known clairvoyant, and distinguished psychometrical reader:

"How fondly, how constantly, how widely is this one (Mrs. M.) beloved! How beautiful is the influence which this woman exerts! Wherever she is, she attracts. In this particular, she possesses a most remarkable character. Her friends know no bounds to their affections for this one, and there is nothing which they would leave undone to gratify her. There passes from this woman a very marked influence. It is not precisely the religious influence; it is not precisely the moral; it is not precisely the practical; but it is, so to speak, a compost of all; and these are charmingly intermingled—imparting a most adhesive influence. But this woman, bodily, is in an inharmonizing state. Her nearest friends are not aware of this; and her mind is so much directed to others, that she is self-forgotten; she must immediately begin to think of herself.

"This medium (Mr. Spear) has been commissioned to wisely instruct this woman for a high purpose. There is to open before this woman a new and beautiful labor. At 10 o'clock, to-morrow, the purpose of his mission to this place will be unfolded. Let this woman be in the region of the Tranquilities at that hour."

The next morning, at the hour named, an address was made through me, as follows:

"Father of Fathers, and Deity of Deities, thy wills be done on the earths, as they are done in the Heavens of Heavens. This fondly loved one (Mrs. Mettler)

shall be consecrated to the Charities. Thou, henceforth, shalt be called Charity. That shall be thy denomination.

"O Charity! thou heavenly grace,  
All tender, soft, and kind,  
A friend to all the human race,  
To all that's good inclined."

"Thou shalt say to the sufferer on his couch, arise, and it shall be so; thou shalt say to the maimed, be thou whole, and it shall be so; thou shalt say to the blind, open thou thy closed eyes, and this shall also be; thou shalt say to the dead, arise, and it shall come to pass. Thou shalt pass through the humble vale, over the lofty mountain, over the rivers and seas, and the elements shall be at thy command. Nought shall disturb thy sweet placidity. No want shalt thou know. Thou shalt sweetly sing,

"The Lord my shepherd is,  
My wants shall be supplied;  
Since life is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?"

"This open hand (Mrs. Mettler's) shall bless others, and thou shalt thyself be blessed. This foot shall go and come. Thou shalt mount up like the bird of loftiest flight, and thou shalt never be wearied. Thou shalt "go and come, nor never fear to die," until thou art called home. Happy shall they be, who behold thy sweet countenance. Blessed are they on whom thy hand rests. Receive now this blessed power. (*Here Mrs. M.'s hand was closed and breathed upon.*) This hand shall be unfolded to dispense blessings far and wide. Blessings shall descend upon thee. In blessing others, thou thyself shalt be blessed. Thou shalt go on in thy mysterious way, dispensing blessings. It is done."

Thus closed this most remarkable and solemn communication—the speaker being all the time on his bended knee.

At the close of this service, I delivered a discourse in the beautiful hall (for which the Brotherhood pay a yearly rent of three hundred dollars) on things soon to take place. On Sunday evening, at the house of a friend, a second person was consecrated as a Seeress. The following day (Monday) a third one was consecrated as a Messenger of Light—and a fourth as an arm which was to point the way—raise the weak, break the oppressions, encircle the timid.

It may not be known to many of your readers, that the solemn service of consecration has been for several months in progress, and the selection of persons has shown great wisdom.

I was highly delighted with the things which I saw while at Hartford. The friends of the New Dispensation, are numerous, refined, and influential. A. J. Davis is expected to return from his western tour this week.

Yours, truly,  
JOHN M. SPEAR.

Boston, Feb. 1, 1853.



## Facts and Phenomena.

### PHYSICAL DEMONSTRATION,

At our residence on Sabbath evening, Jan. 22d, 1853. Miss G— T—, who has for some length of time been a witting, but within three weeks past has become a good rapping medium. And for the first time through her, some of the most wonderful displays of invisible intelligence, and power were exhibited. First, in answering questions of a complexed nature, either in the affirmative or negative; many of which were known to be correct, others on inquiry were found to be so. Present, L. Lindsey, Esq. and L. G. Palmer, who, by an unperceived influence were diverted from their intentions when starting from home,—called in, and were seated with us at the table, the same being a heavy six-leg dining table. The question, was then asked, will the spirit present, write its name through the medium. Immediately the influence seized her hand and wrote Gilbert Baker is present.

*Question.*—Are there other spirits present?

*Answer.*—No.

*Q.*—Can you induce any of the spirit relatives of L. Lindsey, to manifest their presence?

*A.*—Yes.

*Q.*—Will the spirit rap uncommonly loud at the time?

*A.*—Yes.

Immediately the most astounding raps were made on the table.

*Q.*—Will that spirit write its name through the medium?

*A.*—Yes.

And quick as thought her hand was made to write the name, Oliver Lindsey. At this time, a multitude of questions were answered, either in the affirmative or negative, by raps that were almost alarming.

*Q.*—Will the spirits move the table away from the wall very suddenly? (One leaf only being spread.) Instantly, the table was jerked from the side of the room more than a foot. We all except the medium, set back from the table, and the same display was exhibited again. The inquiry was then made, is there a spirit relative of Mr. Palmer, present? If so, move the table to him. It was moved, to him with a sudden jerk as before.

We then placed the table in its first position, near the wall, but no sooner done, than it was thrust nearly two feet; it being placed back, it came out again very forcibly. Upon witnessing this seemingly novel display of the table, some one remarked, that we should be much pleased if some persons were present, who have scouted at the idea of ponderable objects being moved without the aid of human hands. At this instant, one

end of the table raised up, and came down with peculiar force.

*Q.*—Was this done in response to what was said?

Instantly, the table was made to respond in like manner, with still greater force.

*Q.*—Will the spirit raise the end of the table in answer to questions?

A loud response was manifested as before.

*Q.*—Will you raise the end opposite the medium?

This was done as desired.

*Q.*—By Mrs. B. Will you raise this end again, so that I can place my foot under the leg of the table?

The table raised moderately, and her foot was placed under and held fast.

*Q.*—Will you raise it and let my foot loose?

Instantly her foot was loosed from its uncomfortable position, and the table came to the floor with force. No one at this time was in contact with the table in any manner except the medium, and Mrs. Baker's foot. The medium being at the opposite end, her hands merely resting lightly upon it.

*Q.*—Will the spirit raise the end of the table and hold it in that position?

It came up a few inches, and remained several moments, keeping in a perpendicular movement, until forced to the floor, as had previously been done. This same display with the end of the table was several times exhibited, by request. After this, some fifty or sixty questions were answered correctly, either in the affirmative, or negative, by the forcible movement of the table, several questions were answered entirely opposite to our preconceived views, which upon examination, and inquiry, were found to be correct. We were informed by this mode of communing with the spirits, that many of our present mediums, would soon become further developed,—that one now possessed the power of healing, and would eventually become an extraordinary healing medium; that new ones, also, would be brought into the field of labor; and also, that it was of as much importance now that physical demonstrations should be manifested as ever, in order that the skeptical, the doubting, and unbelieving should be convinced that important Truths from the Spirit-world were now being revealed to earth's inhabitants, and that all, would eventually perceive, that the present spiritual intercourse, would perfectly analyze, and fully explain, those portions of Scripture Revelation, which have so long been wrapt in mystery.

On Monday night the 23d inst., about 8 o'clock, we received an invitation (all hand's) to quit the office, come in, and form a circle for Spiritual intercourse.

The invitation was quite acceptable, and of course we were soon seated at the table. Immediately, loud raps were heard, and the names of several Spirit relatives were written, purporting to be present. One person on this occasion had never witnessed any physical demon-



strations manifested by the invisible agents. Therefore, an urgent request was made, that the Spirits move the table. Instantly it was moved from the side of the room, then it moved back, and so continued to do several moments, when some one of the company desired to see it raised up. No sooner said than the table raised up at one end, and came to the floor with unusual power, and in like manner, questions in great variety were answered to all present. For all were disposed to interrogate the spirits, with regard to the condition and welfare of their departed relatives and friends in the unseen world. All the responses were readily given by this mode of rapping upon the floor, with the table. The raps of joy (so called)—the number of the spheres of happiness, they enjoyed,—were rapped on the floor in this manner with as much facility and ease, as they are made on the table in the usual way. Having spent a full hour or more, in witnessing these interesting demonstrations we were ordered to sit close to the table, and accordingly obeyed the summons. In a short time, the medium and chair were moved back from the table near two feet. This she thought quite unceremonious, and somewhat alarmed her. But in a short time her fears were hushed and she was seated at the table. Immediately she was moved back in like manner, but was persuaded to be seated again. The third time she was moved back, and the chair taken from her, and herself gently seated on the floor. She finally concluded to be seated the fourth time. But it was not long before her hand and arm, to the shoulder became rigid, and from the end of her fingers to the elbow was made fast to the table, her feet drawn forward and partially magnetized. Her shoe was then pulled off, and thrown some distance further forward; this done, the influence immediately left her. This we were informed was done, that the skeptical may be convinced, that these things are manifested in the presence of mortals, without their aid, and beyond their comprehension.

—[*Spiritual Era*.

O. BAKER.

#### Spirit-Seeing.

A fact I will mention, which to those present was mysterious, and which exhibited invisible seeing as well as knowing. On the evening of the 30th of December last, at a meeting of the Harmonic Circle, at my house, (myself medium,) Mr. Benjamin Decker, took his watch from his pocket, and enclosed it in both hands, without permitting any one of the circle, or even himself to notice the time. The spirit communicating was asked to make known to the circle the exact time by the watch. The answer was written, "ten o'clock and seventeen minutes," which was the exact time. Mr. Decker informs me, that he had tried the experiment several times with the same success.

E. WOODRUFF.

## Poetry.

### MIDNIGHT VOICES.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

Who has not dreamed, in slumber's hour,  
That voices o'er him stole—  
That came with more than music's power,  
Communing with his soul!  
Who has not felt the whispered tone  
Of fond devotion near;  
The murmur of a name well known,  
Of tones and voices dear!

Who has not known, in slumber's spell,  
The rapturous delight  
Of loving words that on him fell,  
Like angel-lands at night;  
The visioned life apart from this,  
But half retained at morn;  
The more than earth's allotted bliss,  
So long in memory worn?

O, in the calm and solemn night,  
Folded in slumber's pall,  
What words of love, and looks of light,  
Upon the sleeper fall!  
Beings that love us, watching near—  
Angels that chain our love—  
Friends that on earth were all too dear,  
Whose home is now above.

Could we retain each whispered tale  
Breathed in our sleeping hours,  
'Twould sweetly smooth life's thorny vale;  
And strew our path with flowers.  
Then angel-voices, breathing low  
Their sweet and loving strain,  
With perfect joy would fill us so,  
We should not mourn again.  
—[*Flag of our Union*.

### THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

This is a world of sin! We meet its form,  
And see its power, at every step in life!  
It aims to blast, to wither, and destroy  
The fairest fruits of peace!

How often doth it pour  
Into the sweetest cup of earthly bliss  
The drops of bitterness! marring the joy  
That otherwise were full. In Heaven  
Sin dwells not! Nor grief, nor care,  
That cast their darkling shadows 'round us here,  
Can never enter there!

O, happy place!  
Methinks by faith I catch a glimpse  
Of its eternal pleasures; its Tree of Life,  
Beneath whose fragrant shade recline  
The white-robed spirits of the sacred and blest,  
While rapture trembles o'er their sunny wings!

Its gardens filled  
With flowers that frosts of Time can never touch,  
Resplendant in the varied tints and hues  
Of Life and Immortality. While odorous airs  
Waft the rich perfume o'er the realms of joy.

Its river, too,  
Rolling in all the glory of its endless flow,  
While on its verdant margin, met  
In happy intercourse, sit friends  
Who often on the earth sweet counsel took,  
Then mourned the fate that sever'd them  
Far from each other's smile. But now  
Forever met, in all the radiant beauty of the blest,  
How sweetly roll the endless ages of their blissful life.  
—[*The Token*.

—[*Spiritual Era*.



## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

A SWEDISH LEGEND.\*

Before Luther began to preach the Reformation, monasteries studded the slopes of every hill in Germany; huge buildings with a quiet, peaceable aspect, surmounted by a slender tower rising in the midst of the forests through which the ringdoves hopped from branch to branch. These gray walls covered many a fault, and many an error, but they sheltered men also who were insensible to worldly joys, saints whose thoughts dwelt only on the heritage promised by Christ.

At Olmutz, in particular, there was one who had rendered himself famous throughout the surrounding country by his piety and learning: he was a simple and unaffected man, like all men whose knowledge is great, for science is like the sea—the farther we advance the wider grows the horizon; and the less do we seem ourselves. Brother Alfus had had, nevertheless, his seasons of doubt and misgiving; but after having wrinkled his brow and whitened his hair in vain disquisitions, he had at last been compelled to fall back upon the faith of little children and then confiding his life to prayer, as to an anchor of mercy, he suffered himself to rock gently in the tide of pure love, holy visions, and heavenly hopes.

But in a little while rough squalls began again to shake the saintly bark. The temptations of the understanding returned, and reason began haughtily to question faith. Then Brother Alfus grew sad; dark clouds began to float over his spirit; his heart grew cold; and he could no longer pray. Wandering through the country, he sat upon the mossy rocks, lingered by the foam or waterfalls, and sauntered amidst the murmurs of the forest; but it was in vain that he sought light from nature. To all his inquiries the mountain, the leaves, and the streams gave but one answer—God! Brother Alfus came out victorious from many of these struggles, and each time his faith was made firmer than ever, for temptation is the gymnasium of the conscience; if it does not destroy it, it strengthens it.

But after a time inquietude again came over his spirit more keenly than ever. He had remarked that everything beautiful loses its charm by long use; that the eye soon grows tired of the most beautiful landscape, the ear of the sweetest voice, the heart of the fondest love; and then he asked, how shall we find, even in heaven, a source of eternal joy? In the midst of magnificence and delight which have no end, what will become of our restless souls? Will not unchangeable pleasure at last bring on ennui? "Eternity! what a word for creatures who know no law but that of change and diversity? What man would wish his sweetest pleasure to last for ever? O my God! no more past and no more future! no more remembrances and no more hopes! Eternity! Eternity! O sorrowful word! O word, which has spread fire and lamentation

upon earth, what must thou, then, mean in heaven?" Thus spoke Brother Alfus, and every day his doubts become greater. One morning he issued from the monastery before the other monks had risen, and descended into the valley. The fields, still moist with last night's rain, were glistening under the first rays of the rising sun like a maiden smiling through her tears. Alfus strolled gently through the shady thickets on the hill-side. The birds, which had but just awoken from their slumbers, were perched in the hawthorns, shaking down rosy blossoms on his bald head; and some butterflies, still half asleep, flew lightly in the sun to dry their wings.

Alfus stopped to gaze on the scene before him. He remembered how beautiful it had seemed when first he saw it, and with what transport he had looked forward to ending his days in that delightful retreat. For him, poor child of the city, accustomed to see naught but dark courts and somber walls, these flowers, and trees, and clear air, were bewitching novelties. How quickly passed the year of his novitiate! Those long rambles in the valleys, and those charming discoveries! Streams murmuring through the corn-fields, glades haunted by the nightingale, eglandine roses, wild strawberries—what joy to light upon them for the first time! To meet with springs from which he had not yet drunk, and mossy banks upon which he had never yet reclined! But alas! these pleasures themselves do not last long; very soon you have traversed all the paths of the forest, you have heard the songs of all the birds, you have plucked nosegays of all the flowers, and then adieu to the beauties of the country! Familiarity descends like a veil between you and creation, and makes you blind and deaf.

And thus it was now with brother Alfus. Like men whose abuse of ardent spirits has made them cease to feel their power, he looked with indifference on a spectacle which in his eyes had once been ravishing. What heavenly beauties, then, could occupy throughout eternity a soul which the works of God on earth could charm for the moment only? Asking himself this question, the monk walked on, his eyes fixed on the ground, but seeing nothing, and his arms folded on his breast. He descended into the valley, crossed the stream, passed through the woods, and over the hills. The tower of the convent was beginning already to fade in the distance, and at length he stopped. He was on the verge of a vast forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach, like an ocean of verdure. A thousand melodious sounds met his ears from every side, and an odorous breeze sighed through the leaves. After casting an astonished look upon the soft obscurity which reigned in the wood, Alfus entered with hesitation, as if he feared he were treading on forbidden ground. As he advanced, the forest became larger; he found trees covered with blossoms which exhaled an unknown perfume; it had nothing enervating in it, like those of earth, but was, as it were, a sort of moral emanation which embalmed the soul. It was strengthening and delicious at the same time, like the sight of a good action, or the approach of a lover. At length, he perceived farther on a glade radiant with a marvelous light. He sat down to enjoy the prospect, and then suddenly the song of a bird over head fell upon his ear,—sounds so sweet as to defy description, gentler than the fall of oars on a lake in summer, than the murmur of the breeze amongst weeping willows, or the sigh of a sleeping infant. All the music of the air and earth and water, the melody of the human voice, or of instruments, seemed centered in that song. It was hardly a song, but floods of melody; it was not language, and yet

\*This legend is of Swedish origin, but has been popularized in Germany by the celebrated Schubert in one of his works, entitled, Old and New. Schubert has attained some distinction as a naturalist, as well as a writer. Amongst his works are, the History of the Soul—the Symbolism of dreams—Thoughts on the Dark Side of Nature—Travels in the Neighborhood of Salzburg, the Tyrol, and the South of France.



the voice spoke. Science, wisdom, and poetry, all were in it; and in hearing it one acquired all knowledge.

Alfus listened for a long time, and with increasing pleasure. At last the light which illumined the forest began to fade, a low murmur was heard amongst the trees, and the bird was silent.

Alfus remained for a while motionless, as if he were awaking from an enchanted sleep. He at first looked around in a sort of stupor, and then arose. He found his feet benumbed; his limbs had lost their agility. It was with difficulty he directed his steps towards the monastery.

But the farther he went the greater was his surprise. The face of the whole country seemed changed. Where he had before seen sprouting shrubs, he now saw wide-spreading oaks. He looked for the little wooden bridge by which he was accustomed to cross the river. It was gone, and in its place was a solid arch of stone. On passing a hedge on which some women were spreading clothes to dry, they stopped to look at him, and said amongst themselves,—

"There is an old man dressed like the monks of Olmutz. We know all the brothers, but we have never seen him before."

"These women are fools," said Alfus, and passed on. But at last he began to feel uneasy. He quickened his footsteps as he climbed the narrow pathway which led up the hill-side towards the convent. But the gate was no longer in its old place, and the monastery was changed in its appearance; it was greater in extent, and the buildings were more numerous. A plane-tree which he had himself planted near the chapel a few months before, covered the sacred building with its foliage. Overpowered with astonishment the monk approached the new entrance, and rang gently. But it was not the same silver bell, the sound of which he knew so well. A young brother opened the door.

"What has happened?" asked Alfus; "is Anthony no longer porter of the convent?"

"I don't know such a person," was the reply. Alfus rubbed his eyes in astonishment.

"Am I then mad?" he exclaimed. "Is not this the monastery of Olmutz, which I left this morning——"

The young monk looked at him.

"I have been porter here for five years," was the rejoinder, "and I do not remember to have ever seen you."

A number of monks were walking up and down the cloisters. Alfus ran towards them, and called them; but none answered.

He went closer, but not one of them could he recognise.

"Has there been a miracle here?" he cried. "In the name of heaven, my brothers, has none of you ever seen me before? Does no one know brother Alfus?"

All looked at him with astonishment. "Alfus!" at last said the oldest; "there was formerly a monk of that name at the convent. I used to hear the old men, long ago, when I was young, talking of him. He was a learned man, but a dreamer, and fond of solitude. One day he descended into the valley, and was lost sight of behind the wood. They expected him back in vain. He never returned, and none knew what became of him; but it is now a hundred years or more since that."

At these words Alfus uttered a loud cry, for he understood it all; and falling on his knees, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed with fervor,—

"O my God! it has been thy will to show me my folly in comparing the joys of earth with those of heaven. A century has rolled over my head as a single day, while listening to the bird which sings in thy paradise. I now understand eternal happiness. O Lord, be gracious unto me, and pardon thine unworthy servant."

Having thus spoken, Brother Alfus extended his arms, kissed the ground and died—[*Illustrated Magazine of Art.*]

### THE ANIMAL INSTINCT.

What an immense amount of intellect has been displayed by authors, statesmen, generals, artists, naturalists, travelers, and men of business, which has been unprofitable to the progress or improvement of mankind. The author and naturalist describe what they have seen, or what has been seen by others, and accumulate learning without mastering philosophy. The ancient physicians were learned men, if we judge from their voluminous writings, which so long controlled the medical profession. Galen, for more than a thousand years, was the principle source of knowledge to physicians; yet how meager and trashy do we find the voluminous writings of the ancients, in which animal observation or indolent conjecture occupied the place of rational investigation.

What an immense amount of talent and force of character has been exercised in the government of armies, the management of empires, and the transaction of commercial business; yet why are governments, commerce, and the whole philosophy of life still, in the richest and most learned nations, all involved in chaos? Why! but for the simple reason that the intellect of statesmen, kings, and merchant-princes, is not the higher intellect that leads to truth, but the animal intellect which recognizes existing facts, and knows no higher condition? Generals and kings estimate the strength of their armies, and know what their power can accomplish, but they can not appreciate the principles of human nature, which would render possible a society without the sword and bayonet. Even at the present day, and in our own country, if we converse with politicians, we find that they are rich in the acquired knowledge of the facts of history, the statistics of their own country and its party politics, but comparatively destitute of knowledge of the first principles of government—the fundamental laws of human nature, and the capacities of society for any higher condition than the present.

The animal intellect becomes learned, rich in facts, precise in statement, and irresistibly positive in its perceptions, but all that it knows is limited to that which is, and that which has been; as to that which may be in the future, it is blind and incredulous. Hence it is vain to hope for any high career to a nation whose leaders have not the higher forms of human thought. The animal intellect judges of the future by the past alone, and repeats with a monotonous frequency the scenes which have already been enacted, doubting continually whether the future will even equal that which has preceded us. They only help forward the march of nations, whose higher intellects perceive the path to a brighter future, and who are able to infuse their clear convictions into the minds of others. They who are always estimated more or less Utopian, are the true leaders of humanity, and not the generals or kings, who, by their crushing might, keep down and hold fast the struggling power of a nation.

PROF. BUCHANAN.



## Recognition of Friends Hereafter.

If we turn and look into the nature of the case, we shall find it very difficult to conceive how we can hereafter know even ourselves, without knowing our kindred and intimate connections, who have grown up with us, and become a part of our being, as it were. Our families, friends, and acquaintances have so large a share in almost every thing we do, or think of, in this life, that a cloud of oblivion, broad enough to cover them, must cover the whole. Directly or indirectly, they pervade all the processes of our earthly existence, and are woven in, like a woof, throughout the entire web. We are dependent on them, and they on us. If we labor, or plan an enterprise, they enter more or less into our views in the undertaking. If we study, or act, it is with some reference to them; if we seek amusement, it is in their company, or partly for their sakes; if we suffer or enjoy, they are participants. We remember them years after they are dead, and recall their character, their temper, their thoughts—all that identified them to us—as freshly as in the hour we lost them. If the complicate part which they form of our mortal state were struck out of our cognizance, to-day, we should not know the world we live in; we should not know a single street of the village in which we were brought up, and which is everywhere so inseparably associated with their presence and agency, or at least with the thought of them. More than three-fourths of all that now constitutes our little world of ideas, interests, affections, cares, and pursuits, would be gone; as if the continent were sunk around us, leaving only a few wrecks to stand up in the abyss, and them so shattered and disarranged as never to be recognized amid the ruin. To forget that we ever had parents, and brothers and sisters, and companions, and children, and other social relations, would be to forget that we ever had an existence here. In that case, St. Paul ought not to have said, "Now, we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as we ourselves are known." Instead of this, he should have said, "Then shall we see, if we see at all, through a glass very darkly indeed; now, we do know in part, but then we shall hardly know any thing."—[*Universalist Quarterly*.]

Never despise humble services; when large ships run aground little boats may pull them off.

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